

M. E. FOHS,
Merchant Tailor.
 MARION, KY.
 Always has the latest styles. Suits made to order \$15.00 and upwards. All-wool pants, made to order \$2.50.

The Crittenden Press.

All-Wool Pants,
 MADE TO ORDER
FOR \$3.50 CASH.
M. E. FOHS, The Tailor.

VOLUME 18.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

NUMBER 21

BIG MEN WITH BIGGER BRAINS.

An Old Soldier's Vivid Anecdotes of Hon. Lynn Boyd and Henry Barnett.

Dr. John Cunningham, an old Confederate of West Kentucky, writing to the Crittenden Press, from his present home in Texas, details the following anecdotes of two of the biggest men intellectually that ever represented this congressional district in congress.

In Atlanta during the war we met that young prince of orators and statesmen, our own Kentucky member of the Confederate congress, who had recently been elected to the Confederate senate—we mean the Hon. Henry Clay Barnett, who at about the age of 25 had driven the Hon. Lynn Boyd from the seat he had occupied in the United States congress for 16 or 18 years in succession, and had been elected twice during his service to the second and third most honorable position in the nation—that of Speaker of the lower house of congress. And also I have heard my father, who was about Mr. Boyd's age, that when Lynn Boyd was a plow boy near old Canton, in Trigg county, Ky., he learned to make his letters and figures on the wooden mouldboard of his plow. But I am digressing.

Henry Barnett had scarcely passed his twenty first birthday when he became a candidate for county clerk of old Trigg in opposition to the Hon. J. E. Thompson—Uncle Ned—a first class gentleman and former representative, who had held the office for about a quarter of a century. Uncle Ned said he did not have time to ride over the county and electioneer. He thought he could sit in his office and beat young Henry Barnett. Henry rode, and to the surprise of Uncle Ned and a great majority of the people, Henry Barnett was elected by a very comfortable majority.

Long before the great war we heard a joke on Senator Barnett that was perpetrated when he was a 17 year old boy, and owing to his preponderance of flesh, blood and brains he was chuck full of fun, frolic and innocent mischief. An old like gentleman, whom we will name Bower, whom everybody who knew him liked, like thousands of other good men was fond of brandy and rum. Occasionally he drank to excess. On such occasions he would invariably go to sleep, and Henry and his pals observed Bower's habit and thought they would trick him and break up his wayward habit. So in a few days they found Bower down bamboozled with rum, behind a greengrocer. Henry soon spied him out and collected his group of street Arabs and some lamp black. They very quickly had Bower's color changed to that of Ethiopian blackness, both face and hands. The old gentleman slept until the shades of evening came on, and deep into the night. Then he mounted old Shad and made for home unaware of his changed color. The next morning the family was thrown into great commotion by finding an Ethiopian sleeping in the old gentleman's place. The supposed intruder was quickly and roundly aroused from his quiet slumbering. The family was all aroused. The aboves, battling sick, the broom, the meat axe and rolling pin were all in the hands of the family combined against the supposed intruder. The old gentleman was astonished. The family was confounded. The old gentleman explaining, not knowing his changed color, the home folks vowing vengeance on account of his color. But finally reason and explanations prevailed. Then the application of a little soap and water and hard scrubbing made "Richard himself again."

The old crony seemed to have an inkling whereby the painting came. So in a few days he thought that he would solve the matter and he rigged up Old Shad and set off for town. He hitched Shad in his accustomed place and then took in the doggeries, including a little at each bar. Henry and his hangers-on were on his trail. Soon Bower began to feel and stagger. So he made his way to his snug little ground in the rear. Soon Bower was apparently deep in his drunken slumber, with a couple of half bricks under his head for a pillow. The boys soon located him. The black king put was brought out and the mystic circle was formed around the supposed bacchanalian sleeper. Henry, with the paint brush, was leader of ceremonies, and was just ready to lay on the first coat of imperial black but Bower apparently suddenly roused from his bacchanalian sleep, spring to his feet with a half brick in his hand. Such stamping was hardly ever equaled. It was bad for the hindmost. Bower raised his brawny arm and let drive at Henry's large and shapely head with a brick, which made a judgment in the rear, and above the leader's left ear, flaking up the scalp in regular Fourth of July fashion. Henry was knocked somewhat and breathless. Then it was Bower's turn to make the gravel fly. He took to his heels, he rode the zephyrs, he spilt the echoes from Henry's howling complaints. No grass green beneath his unshodded brogans until he had leaped astride of Old Shad's back. He experienced a John Gilpin ride until he had cleared the outskirts of the town, and getting deep into the shades of tail timber.

In the meantime the fallen hero of many such escapades was tenderly laid on a window blind and kindly carried down to his home by his pals to frolic, fun and mischief. Old Dr. Barnett, Henry's father, who had many times represented Trigg county in the legislature and state senate, and had been a candidate for congress, examined Henry's cranium, saw that the skull was not fractured, and stitched up the scalp wound and gave his wayward boy a severe reprimand.

Bower was shy of Cadiz for several weeks. Finally he ventured to get a nip or so, but was very watchful of Dr. Barnett, believing that the Doctor would avenge Henry's chastisement. Bower soon dodged into a store. The doctor espied him enter, and so walked in. The doctor ordered a pair of shoes that would fit Bower and remarked:

"Bower, I make you a present of them."

"For what?" responded Bower.

"For making a Christian out of my bad son—Henry."

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

DETROIT, TEX., Oct. 31, '97.

ED. PRESS: We read the sketch of Aunt Rachel Travis. Our neighbors borrowed the Press. The children to whom we read it thought it strangely wonderful—like a fairy tale. They agreed that Miss Wheeler was right, it was a bear from a cave in Piney Bluff that followed Aunt Rachel that night. We talked of the industry and courage of that good old lady, as if all knew her.

I thought if strangers were so concerned with deep interest the friends and acquaintances for miles around Copperas Spring must have manifested in the story of the great old woman of Crittenden. Doubtless it caused many old comments from the young people, and many stories and incidents were recalled by the older people and related to the children around the table or hearthstone.

Reading of Aunt Rachel's fearlessness caused me to remember Col. W. B. Travis, commander of the Texas in the massacre of the Alamo, Travis, Davy Crockett and over one hundred other men were slain by a large army of Mexicans, who had been seized them for many days.

I have just heard a lecture by the most popular man in the South—Gov. Bob Taylor, of Tennessee. His subject, "The Fiddle and the Bow," suited the occasion almost as well as the man. He spoke nearly two hours, yet all were sorry when he closed. I describe him as a rather large, rawboned, plain looking man, with a soul full of music, a brainy head and a witty brain. While asleep in the hills of Tennessee he saw a musician with his violin, and as the bow was shifted so would change the scene in his vision. To illustrate: Once the fiddler skinned his bow over the strings merrily, and as the cheery music reached the ear of the sleeper he saw two lovers by a brook where the blooming flowers smiled at the playful waves. While he transferred to another merry air, the scene changed to a beautiful cottage, in which he saw two happy parents and a sweet baby. (Here some most amusing scenes I omit for brevity.) Again the bow is shifted, but to a slower, smoother strain, and as the slow, sad tones float to him the sleeper saw these parents bending over a child's coffin. In the vision he saw the colorless cheeks, the soft curls on the white forehead, and the little hands, stiff and cold, crossed on the motionless breast.

From this imaginary dream, and from their prominence in the tales of early Tennessee life, which he tells so well, Bob Taylor calls his lecture "The Fiddle and the Bow." It is variety. Sometimes he acts the humble African; sometimes the circus clown; again the gawky country school boy, and ere you know it, "cuts his eagle loose" and soars away. We often had our mouths set to cry when, before we could adjust them for it, they would be tangled with a laugh.

The change was so sudden that the audience's mirth and pathos often overlapped. Read it, if you need a good laugh and at the same time want to be put to thinking, so hear, if you have an opportunity, Bob Taylor speak.

This is the busiest season in this part of Texas. In every railroad town you may see wagons loaded with bales of cotton, waiting for the buyers to bid upon it. Clarksville received nine hundred bales Thursday, which a few years ago would have sold for \$45,000 or \$50,000, but now only about \$25,000. Yet our cotton costs six cents a yard, as it did then.

UCLA RIMOR.

THE PENSION ROLL.

It Continues to Grow in Numbers and Expense.

Washington, Nov. 4.—The first annual report of Commissioner of Pensions Evans, was made public today. The report says: 50,101 new pensioners were added to the rolls during the year, 3,971 were restored to the rolls who had been previously dropped; during the same period losses to roll by remarriage of widows and mothers, and other causes, 41,122. Whole number of pensioners on rolls June 30, 1897, was 976,014. Net gain over previous year, 5,336. Amounts disbursed for pensions by pension agents during the year, \$139,799,242.12. Amount disbursed by treasury settlement \$150,475.25. This exceeds the amount disbursed during the fiscal year of 1896 by a sum of \$1,534,450.18. In conclusion, the report recommends the passing a law to the end that no pension will be granted to the widow of any soldier that heretofore married.

W. J. Bryan.

WATTERSON GROUNDS ARMS.

From Courier Journal, November 4.

The Courier-Journal has little to add to what it has already said by anticipation touching the Democratic situation in Kentucky brought into being by the vote of Tuesday last. That vote confirms the position of the convention that nominated Mr. Shackelford for Clerk of the Court of Appeals and repudiates the position of the convention which nominated Mr. Hladman. It fixes the relation of the Democratic organization in Kentucky to the National organization of the Democratic party at least through the next State and National elections. It is so decisive in character as to leave nothing to conjecture, and the Courier-Journal has neither the wish nor the purpose to challenge it.

The issue as it was made, and has been clearly fought out, was clear and explicit. No effort was wanting to maintain it. Nobody could by any possibility be mistaken about it. We may regret the verdict against us, but we accept it. We shall make no further effort to direct the party course of events, or to share in any of the responsibilities of party leadership, having done our best, according to our conscience and belief, to divert our political associates from a policy and procedure, the end of which no man can now foresee, the results of which we very much fear, both as to the welfare of the country and the party. But we are Democrats, not Republicans, and nailing our flag to the masthead of Honest Money, Free Trade and Home Rule, we shall in the character of a private soldier in the ranks contribute whatever we are able to the ascertainment and the vindication of Truth.

For the gentlemen who have by their victory confirmed their leadership, we entertain not the least ill will. All the honors belonging to that leadership be theirs; and let us add, all the responsibilities. If they

BELLS MINES.

"I Live There Now, Mr. Johnson"—That Spreadsle Speech of "Our Bob's"—The "Klondike."

According to previous announcement, Mr. Editor, my better two-thirds moved out on her farm near Baker school house on the 3d inst., and Saturday evening last I paid her an informal call. Arriving at Nunn's I found my stepson, Mr. Joe Davis, waiting for me with the ponies, and we were soon in the saddle, and making a moonlight flitting "over the hills and far away." Although we had eaten a hearty supper at Nunn's, Mrs. R. had another one ready when we arrived, to which we also did "ample justice"—I believe that is the generally accepted term. Well, I found my wife amid a confused disarray of her household gods, with a masher finger, (made the usual mislick with the hammer, you know) but still with a serene temper and undaunted determination. And so you will observe, Mr. Editor, that although I still assist in holding the Press to its proper moorings, typographically speaking, I am a full fledged citizen of old Bella Mines precinct, with all the rights and wrongs thereunto appertaining.

A SPREADSLE SPEECH.

When the partiality of his fellow partisans first dragged the editor of the Press from his preferred position in the ranks and placed the party banner in his hands, I had very grave doubts as to his success as an off-hand stump speaker. I know he had the necessary material interwoven amid the gray matter, but I was afraid that getting it untangled and giving it voice would prove unmanageable. A short time before the election he closed the campaign with a speech at Baker school house, and last Sunday I made inquiries among a number of friends out there as to how the speech "took." All expressed unqualified delight and approval, while one enthusiastic old gentleman said: "I tell you, Mr. R., Bob surprised us all. He spit 'er right out, and when he got a little warmed up he grabbed the American eagle by the tail and jess said." The dead earnestness of the old fellow was really amusing, and had Bob been there I am satisfied he would have "jess said" away to some quiet spot to hide his blushes. Seriously, however, the people of Crittenden and Livingston counties have made no mistake in electing R. C. Walker as their Representative. For more than twelve years we have been intimate associates and friends, and I know that he possesses all the qualities necessary to adorn the office—intellect, judgment, industry and perseverance—the suaviter in modo coupled with the fortiter in re. Essentially a gentleman, he is incapable of a mean action; large hearted and generous, he is always at the mercy of his friends. No, there has been no mistake made in sending Bob Walker to Frankfort, and the future will vindicate my assertion.

THE "KLONDIKE."

I am now taking my meals at the "Klondike," the new hotel under the management of Mr. J. M. Freeman. And who is it that don't know good looking, big-hearted, bald-headed Jim Freeman! Everybody likes Jim and he is going to make a success of the Klondike. Everything about the house is as clean, neat and pretty as a new spring bonnet in a show window, and everywhere is visible the neatness and taste of Mrs. Freeman. The table is always spread with the best, and the cooking is unexceptionable. In fact, the Klondike is "a gem of purest ray serene" and is bound to shine.

NEMO.

THE TRUE REMEDY.

W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill. says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for coughs, colds, the whooping cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on us as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good because this remedy has a record of cures, and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Orme's.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE TRUE REMEDY.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT. ACCEPT NO OTHER.

REPUBLICANS HAVE IT.

But There's Talk of Defeating Hanna Up In Ohio.

Columbus, Ohio, Nov.—The contest for control of the Ohio Legislature is considered ended today. The official counting in some counties will continue next week, but there has been such close watching that no material changes are expected. The indications are that the Senate will stand 19 Democrats and 17 Republicans, and the House 51 Democrats and 58 Republicans, with a majority of five Republicans on joint ballot.

There may be several contested seats, but these cannot be considered till the legislature meets, the first Monday in January next. Since it seems to be settled that the Republicans have a small majority on joint ballot, the rumors are revived about a combine of certain Republican members with the seventy Democratic members for the election of some other than Senator Hanna on the joint ballot.

Your eyes need toning up, just as well as your system. Don't think because you have never had sore eyes that you're not for Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It is cooling, healing, and strengthening. It will clear your sight.

W. J. Bryan.

JONES IN BLISS.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 4.—Senator Jones, of Nevada, is evidently in excellent humor over election returns. When questioned as to his views of the ballots deposited on Tuesday, he said:

"Why, it means, of course, that in 1900 the cause of silver will triumph. There can be no sort of doubt about it. Look at Kentucky, where the issue was squarely made. Look at the diminished majorities of the gold party everywhere. A just cause is sure of ultimate victory."

Depew Worried.

New York, Dec. 4.—Chauncey M. Depew, who supported Tracey, said yesterday that the election resulted just as he feared it would.

"We made the best possible fight, but the hope of a victory against Tammany with the anti-Tammany forces divided is almost futile, the wonderful show made by Mr. Low is surprising, to say the least."

"The election in New York has no national significance; but with an alarming falling off of the Republican vote in the State, with heavy losses in New Jersey, Ohio and other states the Republican party is confronted with the incontrovertible truth that Bryanism and bimetalism are not dead. It warns them that they must take steps at once and emphatically to settle this currency question beyond recall."

As Viewed by Bryan.

"The sentiment in favor of the Chicago platform shows a healthy growth throughout the country. Perhaps our opponents will now admit that silver is not dead. The attempt to secure international bimetalism has proven a failure, and it is now more apparent than ever that the people of the United States must legislate for themselves on the financial question. Free and unlimited coinage at 16 to 1 is nearer now than it was a year ago. High tariff upon a gold basis has disappointed those republicans who look to it for relief."

Taken as a whole the returns are very encouraging. I think I voice the sentiments of the democracy, populists and silver republicans when I say that the fight will be continued with even more earnestness until the gold monopoly is broken and the money trust is overthrown. The fusion forces increase their percentage in Nebraska and possibly their actual majority.

W. J. Bryan.

THE DRIFT TOWARDS DEMOCRACY.

In every state, in every county, in every district, township and city where an election was held, the people were warned by the organs of the syndicated republican party that a vote for a democratic candidate meant a vote for Bryanism. From every stump the orators of the monopoly breeding republican party were urged to bury Bryanism out of sight.

What was the result? All along the line, and even in strange regions, the people turned to Bryanism for relief. But far more important than the actual result is the tendency of the vote of the country in the direction of democracy or Bryanism. Everywhere the republicans lost. Even where their candidates were elected, as in Massachusetts, the actual result shows a tidal wave of loss. This change in the attitude of the voters—this drift and tendency towards Bryanism in all of Tuesday's elections—amounts to a political revolution unprecedented in an off year. A parallel for it can only be found in the result of the congressional election in 1894, when the people registered their opinions of Clevelandism.—Atlanta Constitution.

REPUBLICANS HAVE IT.

But There's Talk of Defeating Hanna Up In Ohio.

Columbus, Ohio, Nov.—The contest for control of the Ohio Legislature is considered ended today. The official counting in some counties will continue next week, but there has been such close watching that no material changes are expected. The indications are that the Senate will stand 19 Democrats and 17 Republicans, and the House 51 Democrats and 58 Republicans, with a majority of five Republicans on joint ballot.

There may be several contested seats, but these cannot be considered till the legislature meets, the first Monday in January next. Since it seems to be settled that the Republicans have a small majority on joint ballot, the rumors are revived about a combine of certain Republican members with the seventy Democratic members for the election of some other than Senator Hanna on the joint ballot.

Your eyes need toning up, just as well as your system. Don't think because you have never had sore eyes that you're not for Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It is cooling, healing, and strengthening. It will clear your sight.

W. J. Bryan.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK. I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bottle of the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President. March 8, 1897. *Chas. H. Fletcher, D.*

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.
 Insist on Having
 The Kind That Never Failed You.
 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

I SELL Groceries! I BUY Country Meat

A full stock of clean, fresh goods. I buy them cheap and I sell them cheap. I have the best grade of coffee and a cheap grade of coffee. Best grade of tea. Canned goods as low as the lowest. Come and see me for prices. Persons owing me must settle, I am bound to have the money. A. F. GRIFFITH.

R. C. WALKER
 L. W. CRUCE

Walker & Cruce, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, MARION, KENTUCKY.


If you want to buy a farm see us. If you want to sell a farm see us.

No. 1.—135 acres 3 miles east of Crayneville. 75 in cultivation, fine tobacco land. Two good tobacco barns small dwelling; stable, etc.
 No. 2.—166 acres, six mi. east of Marion; 150 in cultivation; good houses, barns, etc.; 4 acres in young orchard; will sell all or part.
 No. 3.—83 acres, 2 mi. from New Salem. 48 acres in cultivation; 2 sets of houses; good stables, etc. Good tobacco and wheat land.
 No. 4.—100 acres, 3 miles from Marion, 70 acres in cultivation, 30 acres in good timber. House of six rooms two tobacco barns; one tenant house.
 No. 5.—House and 14 acres of land adjoining Marion. Large building; splendid land.
 No. 6.—House and two acres of ground, A bargain.
 No. 7.—55 acres all in cultivation but five acres. Good houses, stables and tobacco barn. Fine young orchard, one tenant house. Limestone soil, 4 miles west of Fredonia. Price very low.
 No. 8.—92 acres, 3 mi. from Fredonia, 25 in cultivation. Good wheat and tobacco land. Good residence, two tenant houses, good tobacco barns. Will be sold at low figures.

THE BEST CUP TOBACCO

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT. ACCEPT NO OTHER.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
 Absolutely Pure
 ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.